

THE
Splendid Shilling:

IN
Imitation of *MILTON*.

— Sing Heavenly Muse;
*Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire-*

Written by J. PHILIPS.



DUBLIN.

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Pamphlet-Shop, opposite the Tholsel in Skinner's
Row. 1728

T H E

Splendid Shilling:

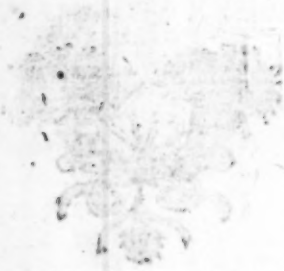
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Illustration of M. L. V. M.



These are the only copies of the original
which have been preserved since

Written by J. Phillips



Printed by J. Phillips and Co. at the
British Museum, London.



T H E
Splendid Shilling, &c.

Happy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames.
Chloe or *Phyllis*; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain;
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.

Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingering spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace, a *Dunn*,
 Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
 What should I do, or whither turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right hand
 Long scroles of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed

Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous Men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.
 Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. - So her disembowell'd Web
 The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail

Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make ; with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of lovely Friends delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind ; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree ;
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a Slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.
 Awake, I find the settled Thirst —

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse;

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd;
Nor tast the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, John-apple nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;

Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
My *Galligaskings* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts;
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue!)

A horrid Chasm disclose, the Orifice
Wide discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near

The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla* or *Charibdis* dangerous Rocks
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak;
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,
The crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their eyes appears (pray;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

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